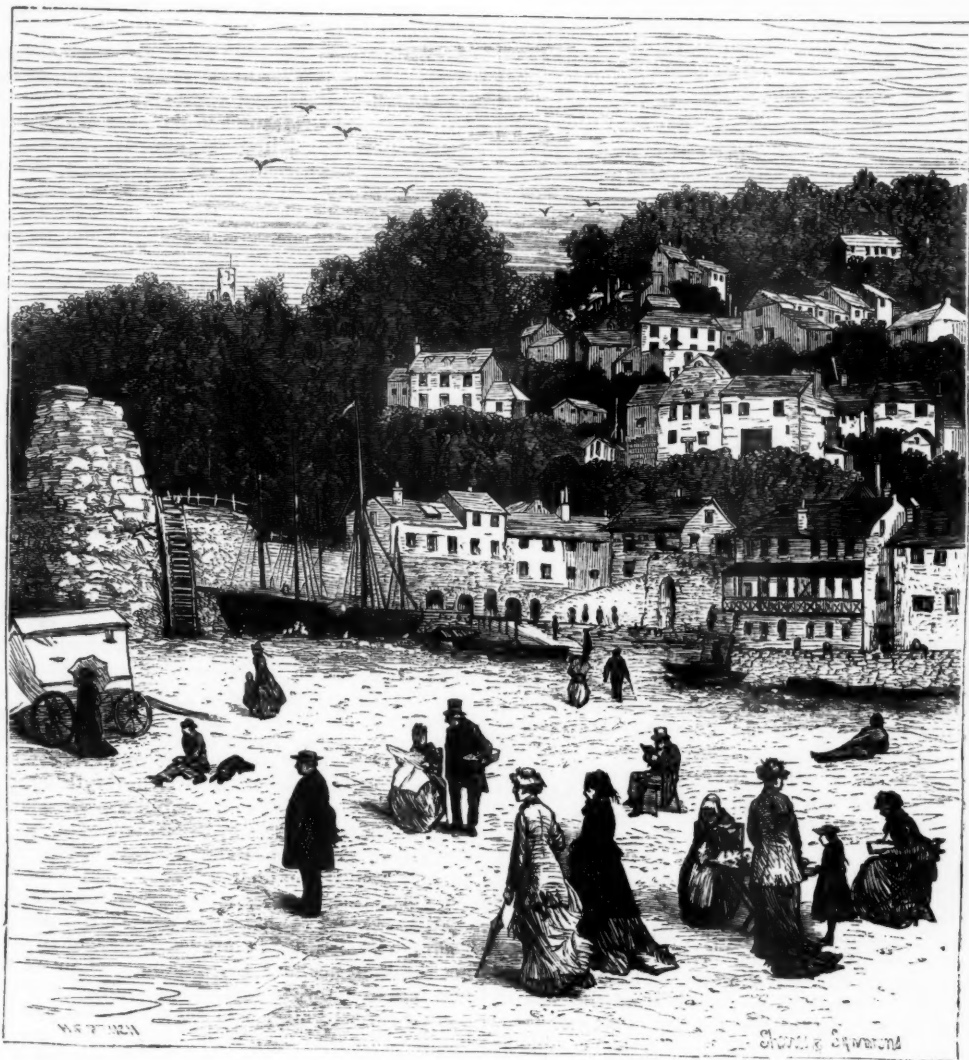


THE LEISURE HOUR.

BETHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Courtesy.*



HILCUM-SEABEACH.

MISS PILKINGTON.

CHAPTER XI.

A SENSE of satisfaction that here was some one claiming affinity with her, one individual among the many millions of the earth's inhabitants willing to make trial of her, poor, solitary Patty Pilkington, as a friend and companion, stole soothingly over her mind. She felt very grateful to Mrs. Pilkington—more grateful than that lady, unaware of her utterly

friendless position in London, could possibly have anticipated when she penned that letter.

"It is so wonderfully providential," mused Patty with a more reverential application of the word than is the case with many who use it. Here indeed was a solution of most of the cares that were pressing upon her that day, for though she feared Mrs. Pilkington a little, judging her both by her father's report and by the letter, she had no hesitation about accepting the month's invitation, and she looked at

No. 1391.—AUGUST 24, 1873.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

the post-office order with tears of thankfulness and relief in her eyes. There need be no doubt about the monument now, and if she had to return to London at the end of a month, which she steadily resolved to contemplate as a probability, for she was still in much ignorance of that *fera natura*, a Scotchwoman, and thought in her humility that it was very possible that one so deficient in accomplishments and in the gift of entertaining others, as she was conscious she herself was, might not please a critical and severe observer, she would still have the money she had calculated on to start with there, for she would travel to and from Hilcum-Seabeach third class, and so save considerably on Mrs. Pilkington's five pounds.

How Patty studied that letter during the rest of the forenoon, for now that she had no lodging hunting before her she could take her time, and how she tried to recollect all that her father had ever said to her about his brother's widow. It was not much in reality, but it had made a decidedly unfavourable impression upon her mind. Mrs. Pilkington, according to the captain, was an unfeeling, eccentric woman, with strong national prejudices, and a bluntness of speech and manner that he had found peculiarly offensive. "And her accent, Patty—I wish you heard her horrible accent," he had always added with a significant grimace. But Patty was not so devoted a daughter nor so wanting in penetration as not to admit the suspicion that it was just possible that her father's disappointment regarding his brother's will might have influenced his opinion of Mrs. Pilkington.

"For," argued Patty with herself, "why should she give herself this trouble, and send me this money, unless kindness of heart prompted her. I like the letter somehow—it is blunt and odd, certainly; but I think I could put up with that kind of bluntness. I am more afraid that she will weary of me, than that I should be distressed by her plain speaking. Ah!" thought Patty, self-reproachfully, as she came to the end of her ruminations, "if I had regarded the command, 'Take no thought for the morrow,' how many anxieties might have been saved me, and I should not have lost my sleep last night in consequence of that gentleman coming, while all the time this letter was travelling towards me! O Patty Pilkington, will you never learn to trust the Lord?"

Patty, from motives of economy, had given up dining since her father's death; so, after eating a slice of bread-and-butter, she set off with a heart lightened of half its weight on her errand to Spence and Wormald's. She had bought her mourning there, so no fault was expressed at the delay in returning the work. She also bought another dress of somewhat better material than the first, on the strength of the money she expected to realise from the sale of her father's things, for she felt that this was absolutely necessary if she was to appear respectable at Hilcum-Seabeach. She declined taking more work at present, stating as her reason that she was going to the country for some weeks, but expressed a hope that they would again employ her when she returned to London. They intimated their willingness to do so; and this important matter to her being satisfactorily arranged, she took possession of her parcel, and proceeded to the sculptor's. There she ascertained that a plain but decent gravestone, including lettering and cost of erection, could be had for ten pounds; and having pointed out her father's grave to the sculptor, and received his promise that all should be completed before she required to leave London, she

returned home to her tea, with which she ate an egg, feeling that she had accomplished a good day's work.

She was now obliged to take Mrs. Baigent into her confidence, as without her help she did not know how she could dispose of the articles that were to provide the sum necessary to pay the sculptor; at least she was likely to be imposed upon, she feared, if she herself managed the transaction. She informed her, therefore, of Mrs. Pilkington's invitation, and of her intention to have a monument for her father erected before she left London, in case she might not return there, and how she expected to raise means for it, asking her advice and co-operation.

Mrs. Baigent listened with great graciousness. "And it does you credit, Miss Pilkington, ma'am," she said, with a series of approving nods, "to think of such an act of respect to the poor dear capting's memory. And it will ease your 'art, ma'am, as I knows from hexperience, for I raised a 'andsome moniment to my first 'usband, and would not grudge the same to Baigent, only there's room for his name likewise on the stone. And though I don't care for walking in cemeteries—they do haffect the spirits, miss, don't they?—I shall make a pint of going at least onst to look at the capting's moniment. Of that you may be hassured, miss. But I must tell you about my dream last night, miss, which was that the postman 'ad brought you a letter with the news of a great fortune in it. And says I to Baigent this morning, 'As sure as heggs is heggs,' I says, 'there's some good luck coming to Miss upstairs, for I never 'ave such a dream but something is sure to 'appen.' And so Mary Hann told me this forenoon that you 'ad 'ad a letter. I wish you joy, miss; and I 'ave no doubt your aunt-in-law will do her duty by you, as is right and proper, seeing that you are her 'usband's niece, and she 'ave no children of her own. And I am sure, miss, if you 'ear of any one down that way thinking of coming to London, you will say a good word about the apartments. And if at any time you was to take a run up yourself, Baigent and me will be most 'appy to see you in your old rooms, even for a week's time, if they 'appen to be hempty, miss. As for selling the things, miss, you speak of, I shall 'ave a talk with Baigent about it when he comes in to his tea. Bless you, he knows heverything in London, he does, and I 'ave no doubt we will manage it to your satiefaction."

"Thank you, Mrs. Baigent," said Patty, "it will be very kind if you do."

"Don't mention it, miss; proud and 'appy we shall always be to do you any faviour in our power. I suppose, miss, as you are leaving London, you will not think of keeping the capting's chair—I should just like to know, ma'am, if agreeable."

"No," said Patty, who knew she must pay for her landlady's assistance, and, besides, had no friend with whom to leave the chair till she needed it; "so you can have it, Mrs. Baigent, for the week that I am to remain here."

"Then it's a bargain, miss" (which was true in another sense). "That's Baigent at the gate—I 'eard the click of the latch; so I wish you a good hafternoon, miss."

I need only state further, in regard to the matter which occasioned this conversation, that, with the aid of that experienced individual, Mr. Baigent, Patty succeeded in disposing of the watch and guard and other articles for fifteen pounds, a sum as much as could reasonably be expected for them; and she had

the sat
work w
on Mar
pounds
kington

It was
dress t
kept h
office a
leaving
of her
middle
smooth
studied

She
that la
seeking
compan
be, ass
make h
She ne
having
like em
less po
Patty,
I have
it may
the en
kept o
hour of

She
but to
the lat
the bo
smaller
must a
acquai
went t
she left
rain, a
herself
solitary
for so l

The specifi
as it v
father's
birth a
just su
him w
withou

"Po
other
on the
becom
leave h
doing
what o
showin

Patt
bent o
ber in
her m
scarce
repres
arose.
hersel
daugh

the satisfaction, after paying the sculptor when his work was finished, and after bestowing a sovereign on Mary Ann, to find herself still in possession of six pounds, not including the five sent by Mrs. Pilkington.

CHAPTER XII.

It was a busy week this last one. She had her new dress to make. She had to watch that the sculptor kept his promise. She had to call at the attorney's office and arrange all necessary business with him, leaving him her address at Hilcum-Seabeach in case of her continuing to reside there. When by the middle of the week she found all things going smoothly, she bought a Bradshaw, and having studied it carefully, she wrote to Mrs. Pilkington.

She expressed her gratitude simply but warmly to that lady for her invitation, and while anxiously seeking to prepare her not to expect much from the companionship of such a one as she knew herself to be, assured Mrs. Pilkington of her willingness to make herself useful in any way she might point out. She needed no remuneration, she said, but never having been accustomed to an idle life, she would like employment. She said nothing about her friendless position. "She evidently supposes," thought Patty, "that I have friends in London, as papa and I have lived so long here, and if I tell her the truth it may make it awkward for her to part with me at the end of the month, and I should not like to be kept on sufferance." She then named the day and hour of her journey as she had been desired to do.

She had nothing now to do till that time arrived but to finish her new dress and to pack her clothes, the latter being easily done, as they scarcely filled the box she had decided to take with her, but a smaller one would not have admitted the sword which must accompany her. She had no friends or even acquaintances to bid farewell to—only a grave. She went to visit it for the last time the evening before she left. The sky was dull and lowering, threatening rain, and there were no visitors to the cemetery but herself, no one to look with idle curiosity on the solitary figure in its deep mourning garb which stood for so long motionless beside the new-made grave.

The monument had been erected at the time specified. It was of white stone, fresh and unstained as it would not long remain by the weather. Her father's name and profession, and the dates of his birth and death, were all that were inscribed upon it, just sufficient to intimate to any one who had known him who the sleeper was who reposed beneath, without superfluous word or eulogy.

"Poor papa!" thought Patty, tears coursing each other down her cheeks as she stood gazing sadly on the swelling turf which had not yet had time to become green. "How hard it seems to go away and leave him lying alone here. I feel almost as if I was doing a cruel thing in leaving London. And yet what can I do for him now? The time has passed for showing kindness and consideration."

Patty was burdened with self-accusations as she bent over the grave. Not a fault could she remember in her father now, even if such had occurred to her mind while he was alive, which, I think, was scarcely the case—at least the feeling had been repressed instantly with pious shrinking, if it ever arose. But she was now greatly disposed to blame herself, and to believe in her own shortcomings as a daughter, thinking that if she had been cleverer and

brighter, and had exerted herself more to amuse and cheer him, his latter years might have been made more happy. That, on the contrary, he had been selfish and inconsiderate in his treatment of her, she had no idea of, for she had been early trained by her mother to make his will a law to her, and had thoroughly learned, principally from his own openly expressed contemptuous estimate of her, to believe in her personal insignificance and unfitness for society. Poor Patty, the consciousness of her deficiencies weighed heavily upon her now that she was on the eve of entering upon a new and untried situation; she had been wanting, she feared, as regarded her father, and how then was she likely to satisfy and suit a stranger?

It was a sad evening to her that last one in the lodgings. She had neither work nor book to distract her thoughts from constantly dwelling on the past, for everything was packed up in readiness for the next day's journey. Patty was one of those careful people who are always beforehand with their arrangements, and who, from fear of being too late, are apt to be too early in starting on an expedition or in keeping an appointment. So this night she had nothing to do but to sit and think. Her landlady did not come near her, having a visitor to drink tea and spend the evening. These rooms had been all the home Patty had had for years. Small and unattractive as they were, they were full of tender associations to her. Her father's presence still seemed to pervade them. His empty chair (she had never sat down in it since his death owing to this feeling) was waiting as if to receive him on his return home. The tones of his voice, not sharp and querulous as they too often had been, were still lingering among them, and a pang passed through Patty's kindly heart as she remembered that even if she did return to London it could not be to them. She gazed again and again round the silent room, as if she wished to photograph its details upon her memory before she lost sight of them for ever. And thus the last evening of her long, cheerless residence there passed appropriately away.

"Well, well! there's Miss away in search of her fortune, and I 'ope she may get it," said Mrs. Baigent aloud, speaking, however, rather to herself than to Mary Ann, as the two stood together for a few moments at the little gate, watching the receding cab which contained the late lodger, and all her belongings, the following day.

"And I wishes it, too, missis," responded Mary Ann, cordially, grateful for the sovereign which Miss Pilkington had bestowed upon her, besides a small trunk which the former had no need of, and the latter had, as all her wardrobe till then had been contained in a bundle. But Mrs. Baigent's sympathy for her old lodger was soon over, and her thoughts quickly turned to the preparations that must be made for the reception of the new one; so, sharply ordering Mary Ann indoors for this purpose, she followed to superintend, and, when necessary, to aid in them.

There was nothing farther from Patty's expectations than that she was on the way to find a fortune. She was very grateful to Mrs. Pilkington for offering her a home—a home on probation, however, she never allowed herself to forget—and she indulged in no dreams about chances in the future. Mrs. Pilkington had probably relations of her own, while she, besides being a stranger, was only a connection by marriage, and had no claims upon her.

It was a journey of some hours by rail to Hilcum-Seabeach, which was a pretty, quiet, little seaside town on the south coast. It was considerably resorted to in summer by families from the adjacent country and inland towns for the benefit of sea-bathing; and its numerous lodging-houses were then generally full, and the sands and streets were lively with visitors and excursionists. In winter the scene was greatly changed; and the town, with the exception of that section of it devoted to shops and business, seemed to have gone to sleep. But even the shopkeepers shared in the general lethargy, and appeared only half awake; for, though they continued to supply the wants of their resident customers, with the departure of the summer visitors, who came and went regularly like birds of passage, the excitement and press of business were gone, and they executed the orders entrusted to them leisurely and soberly. A donkey-chair or two might be seen at intervals creeping along the terraces or up the steep sides of the hill on which the most aristocratic portion of the town was built; occasionally a medical man's carriage, or a butcher's lad with a tray of meat on his shoulder, or a child playing with its hoop, might be visible, but all else was still life. The houses looked so forsaken and uninhabited, they depressed one. You seldom saw a face at a window, or any one issue from a door; and but that coals were certainly delivered at them, and butchers, bakers, fishmongers, and other tradesmen, might occasionally be observed handing into these silent dwellings the good things of this life, it would have been impossible to suppose that they contained inmates, unless, indeed, they existed there in the same enchanted state of repose as did the beautiful princess and her court in the fairy tale. That they had inhabitants, and these capable of locomotion, was, however, made amply manifest on Sundays, and on whatever other day of the week there was a church service. Among other good qualities, the better classes in Hilcum-Seabeach were eminently a church-going people; not that that necessarily proved them to be religious, though the neglect of ordinances is a pretty certain token of the reverse. On these occasions of public worship, and these only, the houses emptied themselves, the quiet hill streets became suddenly populous, and the churches, especially the parish one, of which their favourite, Mr. Breckenridge, was rector, were filled to overflowing. When the service was over, the same extraordinary sight was to be witnessed for a brief period, and then the upper town returned to its customary deserted and still aspect.

There was, indeed, no inconsiderable number of resident families of the better class in Hilcum-Seabeach, some of them, like the Pilkingtons, having been induced to settle there by the salubrity of the climate, which was suited for pulmonary complaints. There were also various boarding-schools, male and female, which flourished from the same cause. Indeed, the long procession of the pupils of the latter, most of them varying in costume, with a dash of scarlet or brilliant blue here and there, or hat or cloak among them, a demure and wide-awake governess bringing up the rear and preserving order, formed the one daily enlivening sight to be met with in the aristocratic quarter of the town.

The business portion of Hilcum-Seabeach, containing the railway-station, was at the bottom of the hill, stretching along the shore towards the left. The coast was very flat, and only vessels of the lightest

draught could enter the harbour. When the tide was out, an immense tract of unsightly mud, supposed, however, to possess strong antiseptic virtues, fringed with a tolerably firm strip of sand on the land side, became visible. This strip was the usual resort of lazy pedestrians, or of those invalids who took their exercise in the donkey-chairs, of which there were several stands at the foot of the hill. The view of the little town from this promenade was striking and picturesque, the houses being built on terraces, tier above tier, to the very summit of the elevation, which was crowned by a line of detached villas of all sizes and varieties of architecture, each having its small sloping lawn in front, rich and gay in summer with a flush of flowers, and, where space allowed it, ornamental shrubs and trees.

This view of the town from the sands reminded one somewhat, in its situation and colouring, and on a small scale, of the "grey metropolis of the north," as Tennyson designates Edinburgh, that queen of cities throned on the hills, with the ocean sweeping round her skirts, being built, like her, entirely of stone, which is plentiful in the neighbourhood, and, like her also, commanding from the heights a wide and diversified sea-view. But there the resemblance ceased; the full intellectual and social life of the northern city, with its university and courts of law, and public as well as private amusements, was altogether wanting here. There was no theatre, no public ball-room; and even evening parties were at a discount from the want of young men, for whom there was the most limited employment at Hilcum-Seabeach. There were various retired military officers, most of whom had served in India; two medical men who, notwithstanding the salubrity of the place, had each a practice that enabled him to keep his carriage—the most fashionable of the two an assistant—and several clergymen, Established and Nonconformist, besides a banker and two attorneys. But, with very few exceptions, these all were past middle age; and most were married men, and more inclined to spend their evenings at their own firesides than in their neighbours' drawing-rooms.

It will be supposed, therefore, that there was rather an undue proportion of the female sex in the social circles of Hilcum-Seabeach, and that the young ladies there, unless when visiting more lively localities, were not likely to meet with many matrimonial opportunities. But it was a pleasant residence, notwithstanding the dullness of its winter and spring months, to those people who had either outlived the age when gaiety is natural, or who, like Patty, had no taste that way. If life flowed on somewhat monotonously there, it was a cheerful, friendly sort of monotony; people knew each other intimately, respected each other's peculiarities—and there were a few oddities among them, such as in all small towns stand out more prominently than they would do in a larger sphere—and none of them being exactly rich, except the rector, there was little rivalry among them as to style of living.

As to the poorer portion of the population, who inhabited the back streets of the lower town, they were tolerably numerous considering the size of it, and the almost total want of any manufactures to supply them with employment. In winter, therefore, they were liable to suffer severe privations, and were very dependent upon the charity of their betters. In the summer season, the donkey-chair-men, bath-women, and laundresses were busy; but with the

depa
and i
their
ampl
of ev
recto
latter
amor

IN
w
Carr
conn
claim
was
veter
cause
High
circle
ago
than
roun
was
ever,
works
while
gaine
his la
Al
the h
of "
a jou

* A
that w

DEA
gratul
occu
kind n
me th
and th
to feel
end of
(alway
that I
let us
You
count
happy
with n
sheet
sional
rod in
one of
You
spite o
tents
The s
Cham
appeti
Ever
50, Pa

departure of the visitors came universal slackness, and it was well when they had laid by sufficiently from their earnings against more idle months. It was an ample field, Hileum-Seabeach, to employ the energies of every clergyman there, but especially those of the rector and his self-denying curate, Mr. Darling, the latter being a most devoted and earnest labourer among the poor.

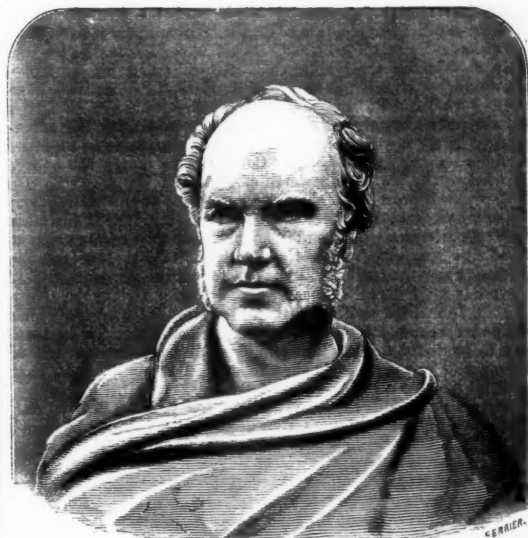
ROBERT CARRUTHERS, LL.D.,

EDITOR OF THE "INVERNESS COURIER."

IN the spring of this year an unusual announcement went the round of the newspapers. Dr. Robert Carruthers had reached the fiftieth anniversary of his connection with the "Inverness Courier," and claimed, as well he might, an editorial jubilee. This was on the 16th of April, but in a few weeks the veteran journalist was no more.* His death has caused a sad blank in the capital of the Scottish Highlands, and will long be mourned in many a circle where he was honoured and loved. Many years ago he celebrated his golden wedding, when more than thirty children and grandchildren gathered round the table of the old folks at home. Since he was left a widower he was genial and hospitable as ever, and unwearied in his editorial and literary work; but the manly frame had become less active, while the mind, clear and bright to the end, had gained a mellow and sedate wisdom, which made his last days his best days.

Although well known in literature, especially as the biographer and editor of Pope, and as the author of "Chambers's Cyclopædia of Literature," it was as a journalist that Carruthers was most eminent, and

exercised widest influence. There are not many provincial papers that are much heard of beyond their own region, but some there always have been which are widely known, and which help to form that "public opinion" which is really the ruling power in our commonwealth. Among these influential members of the "Fourth Estate," the "Inverness Courier" has long held a high place. It not only represents, but in the hands of Carruthers it went far to form, public opinion in the north of Scotland. In these days, when the press has vast educational influence, it would be difficult to estimate the share due to the late editor of the "Courier" for the social and industrial improvements effected during his long and unceasing literary labour. He made his paper a model of provincial journalism. How he came to occupy this honourable position, and some of the incidents of his life, we must now briefly narrate.



[From the Bust by the late Alexander Munro.]

* A letter received by us a month before his death is so characteristic that we cannot refrain from giving it:—

29, NESS BANK, INVERNESS,
April 27, 1878.

"DEAR DR. MACAULAY,—Many thanks for your cordial note of congratulation! Fifty years' editorial grubbing seemed so unusual an occurrence that I thought I was justified in publishing the fact, and the kind manner in which it has been received by you and others convinces me that it was not unbecoming. In November I complete my 79th year, and though the mind and eyes (thank God) hold out wonderfully, I begin to feel that, as Sir Walter expresses it, "the plough is getting near the end of the furrow." Weak limbs, a weak stomach, and rheumatism (always most active, like other evil-doers, at night) feelingly remind me that I am on the borders of fourscore. God be praised for the past, and let us look cheerfully towards the future!

You must come down in summer or autumn and see our Highland country. I am an old cicerone, long approved of, and shall be most happy to play the part. I had Archibald Forbes, of the "Daily News," with me a few days ago, and am delighted when a brother of the broadsheet or other periodical literature drops in. I miss sadly the occasional visits of Alex. Russel, of the Scotsman, whose appearance, fishing-rod in hand, was always a signal for rejoicing. He was in all respects one of the most remarkable men of this generation.

Your two monthlies seem to be flourishing as fresh as ever they did, in spite of all competition. "Leisure Hour," considering the literary contents and the woodcuts, so numerous and excellent, is really a wonder. The sale must be great to cover the outlay. My old friend William Chambers says his journal also keeps up to the old mark. "Excess of appetite grows by what it feeds upon."

Ever, dear Doctor, with kind recollections of my only visit to 50, Paternoster Row,

Yours faithfully

Robt Carruthers

Robert Carruthers was a native of Dumfries, where he was born 5th November, 1799. Sprung from an ancient but not wealthy family of farmers, in the parish of Mousewald, he had in early years to make his own way, and was apprenticed to a bookseller and bookbinder at Dumfries. Thence he removed to Huntingdon, where he made the acquaintance of Dr. Edward Maltby, then Vicar of Buckden. By his advice and influence, the young Scotchman undertook the charge of the county grammar school, conducted on the system recently introduced by Dr. Bell, of St. Andrews and Madras. When thus engaged he made his first literary efforts, having written a history of the town of Huntingdon, from the Corporation records, and a volume of selections from Milton's prose works, which was published anonymously in 1827. He also contributed several pieces to a magazine started by Mr. Macdiarmid, editor of the "Dumfries Courier," a paper which long held the foremost place in the journalism of Southern Scotland. In 1828 the proprietors of the "Inverness Courier" asked Mr. Macdiarmid to recommend an editor, and Robert Carruthers was named. He more readily accepted the appointment, as the climate of the fen country was affecting his health.

He arrived in Inverness on the 16th April, 1828. At a banquet given by his fellow-townsmen in 1871, he thus referred to his first coming among them :—

"I have a very vivid recollection of my first journey in the Highlands, from Perth to Inverness, and of the interest and anxiety with which I watched from the top of the mail-coach every turn of that wild, sinuous, picturesque road, which

'Winds with the vale and wins the long ascent.'

It was in the spring of 1828, and I had brought with me a letter received shortly before from our late townsman, Mr. Roderick Reach, who was then, along with another valued friend, Provost Ferguson, a proprietor of the 'Courier.' The Reform Bill broke up that business connection, as it did many other connections, and in the year 1831 threw the paper entirely into my own hands, but it caused no estrangement or coldness on the part of my early and affectionate Inverness friends. Mr. Reach had written me much good advice, and as the old coach plodded along the defiles of Badenoch and Strathspey I kept ever and anon glancing at his letter and pondering over its contents. 'What I want you to provide,' he said, 'is not only a dash of general literature, but good reading material for country lairds and for farmers, shopkeepers and artisans—things that will give them a new stock of ideas, enlarge their minds, amuse their leisure hours, and help to promote their interests.' An excellent bill of fare—(Laughter)—but one not very easily provided. Selections, however, were included in the catalogue of requirements. Politics we never thought of, but they were soon forced upon our attention. I may mention, in passing, that for some years after its commencement in 1817, the 'Courier' was under the charge of a lady—the Maria Edgeworth of Scotland (so called by De Quincey)—I mean Mrs. Johnstone, authoress of the 'Edinburgh Tales,' and various other works (including the inimitable 'Meg Dods's Cookery'), and who subsequently became editor of 'Tait's Magazine.' In the hands of this most admirable woman the 'Courier' could not fail to attain popularity, but there was an interval of nearly three years after the departure of Mrs. Johnstone and her husband to Edinburgh, during which the paper was neglected, and of course declined. To be local and to be useful was my first and chief desire. It was said of Canning (whose death was then fresh in the public mind), that with all his liberality his policy was essentially a British policy, directed to maintain the supremacy of his native country, and to make all other subjects subservient to that leading one, and to it only. So, taking a high model, I thought I should make the 'Inverness Courier' strictly and wholly Highland—not, indeed, to foster prejudices, flatter idle conceits, or to bolster up ancient customs; but to draw attention to the interesting and romantic scenery of the land, to do justice to her character, point out the true sources of her wealth and improvement in agriculture and the fisheries, and with the aid of correspondents put her in the way of following them with advantage. Such was the programme that in glowing colours I placed before my imagination. I was charmed with the country, the hospitality of the people was unbounded, I went on my way rejoicing. But alas! Mr. Chairman, now that the journey is near an end and so few of the old associates remain in sight—dropped through the broken arches of the Bridge of Life, and swept away by the great tide—when I contrast the actual performance with the early anticipation, I am struck with grief and confusion, and wish, like the Greek general and statesman of old, that some one would teach me the art of forgetting."

To this touching recital a writer in the "Courier," one of his sons, we presume, adds a few words. The terms on which Mr. Carruthers obtained the property of the "Courier" were that he should within thirty days pay down the sum of £500 for the copyright of the paper, and purchase the printing materials after a proper valuation. "To pay down £500 within thirty days was," as he used good-humouredly to say, "a proposal that made me pause and ponder and pause, to use the words of John Bunyan." He had the offer of two other engagements on the press, but he saw that the North was likely to turn out a good newspaper field; he had become attached to the country, and, happily, the pecuniary difficulty was soon overcome. An Inverness friend, Mr. George Cameron, solicitor,

happened to have in his hands a sum of money belonging to a client. The client was consulted and gave his consent to the loan of the sum required, and thus the anxious editor became proprietor. There was, however, a pretty long and severe struggle to be encountered. Inverness was not then the populous, gay, and flourishing town which it has become since the introduction of railways. Readers were comparatively limited, and newspapers were dear and heavily burdened. There was a paper duty of three-pence per pound weight, a stamp duty of fourpence on every copy of the newspaper, and a tax of three shillings and sixpence on every advertisement. The removal of these heavy imposts was one of the most signal and valuable reforms effected by the Whig Government—inferior only to the inestimable boon of the penny postage.

"I had good correspondents as well as good intentions," said the editor. "One of them, the greatest of all, was that remarkable man Hugh Miller. When Miller sent me his letters on the Herring Fishery I saw that a great prose writer had arisen in the land, and that the land would soon be filled with his fame."

Then there was the London Letter of Roderick Reach, continues the writer in the "Courier,"—so bright, so original, and humorous—and afterwards the inimitable Agricultural Notes of Kenneth Murray, with now and then a clever book notice from Lord Neaves, who continued a steady contributor to the "Courier" during his vacations in the country till his lamented death in 1876. Occasionally an English contributor enlivened its columns. The editor had fallen in with the late Mr. Quillinan, son-in-law of Wordsworth, and he sent some excellent literary notes and rhyming satires, transmitting also an excellent account of the death and burial of Wordsworth. Shirley Brooks became a regular contributor, also Edmund Yates. Dr. Beattie, the biographer of Thomas Campbell, sent many communications; Professor Grant, now an authority of high standing in astronomical research, wrote some of his earliest essays in the "Courier;" Mr. Cosmo Innes also occasionally sent notes on antiquarian and archaeological subjects; Mr. George Anderson, the friend and correspondent of Sir Roderick Murchison, was almost one of the staff of the paper. By help of these good friends, and the correspondents whom Mr. Carruthers attached to the "Courier" to the last, the paper had come to be talked of outside its own beat. Local matters were in the meantime duly attended to, and the circulation went on increasing. This success never failed to call forth the editor's warmest thanks in the paper and elsewhere. At a public meeting we find him saying, "I owe to the northern public not only the means of comfortable subsistence for myself and family, but some of the best friendships and the happiest moments of my life."

For six or seven years Mr. Carruthers delivered lectures, chiefly historical, at the Philosophical Institution in Edinburgh. These were afterwards repeated in the North, and never failed to attract a large audience. The annual visits to Edinburgh were always a source of pleasure, a high holiday. Numerous friends were ready to welcome the coming guest, and the hospitalities of the directors of the Philosophical Institution were a sure and joyous possession. Brighter nights, or pleasanter days, he used to say, could scarcely be hoped for or dreamed of. Mr. Russel, of the "Scotsman," was then in the heyday

of his power and prosperity, and was generally his host on these occasions.

Being from his youth an eager reader and diligent student of English literature, Carruthers engaged in several literary tasks. The most important of these was editing the works of Pope, and writing a memoir of the poet (Bohn's Illustrated Library, 3 vols.). He was led to this undertaking by having obtained access to a large collection of letters by Pope and his friends preserved in the family of the Blounts of Mapledurham, in Oxfordshire. At their manor of Mapledurham, on the Oxford side of the Thames, near Reading, the Blounts have resided since the time of Queen Elizabeth, still occupying the same picturesque mansion (unspoiled by innovation), which was erected by Sir Walter Blount, Lieutenant of the Tower to Elizabeth. The late Mr. Michael Blount, father of the present representative of the family, kindly gave Mr. Carruthers the free use of these manuscripts. The latter made two journeys to Mapledurham in order to inspect them, to collate, and make extracts, and he was thus enabled to correct numerous errors and supply omissions in all the previous biographies. The latest editor of the poet—Professor Ward, of Owen's College—has said, "The extent of my obligations to Mr. Carruthers's edition (the only edition of Pope that has any claim to completeness) will be apparent on the surface" ("Globe Edition of Pope": Macmillan and Co., 1869). The commencement of this Pope inquiry is worth relating. It has been recorded by Mr. Carruthers himself:—

"Happening," he says, "one season in the course of a holiday tour to be at the town of Reading, I walked to Mapledurham in order to obtain, if possible, a glimpse of the old Elizabethan house and ancestral trees. On the grounds I met an elderly respectable man, with whom I entered into conversation. He turned out to be the land-steward, or factor on the estate, and he was a Scotchman. Here was a bond of union at once! I asked if Mr. Blount was likely to allow an inspection of the literary correspondence and papers in his possession, if application were made to him through some proper channel. With national and prudent caution, he said he could give no answer, 'But,' he added, 'here comes Mr. Blount himself, and you can speak to him on the subject.' And I did so. 'Letters!' said Mr. Blount; 'yes; there are three volumes of them from Pope and his friends. I have made a recess in the wall of one of my rooms, and there they are deposited safe under lock and key. Come into the house and let us talk about them. And with the courteous hospitality becoming the head of an ancient English family, the old gentleman led the way to the mansion. The result was that arrangements were made for a full inspection of the letters, and, returning to town, I went on my way rejoicing."

A still more elaborate work was "Chambers's Cyclopædia of English Literature," a work commenced by Dr. Robert Chambers, and which has been highly successful, having gone through three editions (1843-1876). It was long ago made a textbook in the University of Edinburgh by Professor Aytoun in his Rhetoric Class, and is now used in the Civil Service Examinations. Nearly all that was original in the work was written by Mr. Carruthers; the second and third editions are entirely of his editing and composition; and considering that the Cyclopædia forms two large volumes of above 800 double-columned pages in each volume, it is obvious that much reading and research was required. Authors are proverbially said to be a jealous and irritable race, and publishers to be not averse to sharp practice—old Grub Street traditions that have pointed many a jest and satire. It is, therefore, pleasant to find Dr. William Chambers writing to his

friend in Inverness (April 3, 1877), "I am glad to inform you that the new edition of the Cyclopædia, which you have edited so admirably, has proved a great success, not only in England, but in the United States. You have made it a splendid book. My feeling is that it deserves to be brought out as a library edition, with large type," etc.

Another work of Dr. Carruthers was editing Boswell's "Journal of a Tour in the Hebrides" (Routledge and Co.). This was emphatically a labour of love, for the editor took unceasing delight in the gossiping journal of Boswell, and in his inimitable "Life of Johnson," that repository of all that is pleasant and profitable in biography. Among the other labours of Mr. Carruthers was contributing a number of biographical articles to the "Encyclopædia Britannica" (Queen Elizabeth, William Penn, the Fairfaxes, Jeffrey, the Ettrick Shepherd, etc.), and to other periodical works.

We have not space to refer to other literary or public labours, but must conclude with mentioning some of the honours which crowned his latter days. In 1871 the Senatus Academicus of the University of Edinburgh conferred upon him the honorary degree of LL.D. In the autumn of the same year he was entertained at the banquet where he made the speech from which we have already quoted. On this occasion there was a presentation of his bust (of which we give an engraving), by his son-in-law, the late Alexander Monro, an accomplished Inverness sculptor, and his portrait by Sir Daniel Macnee, President of the Scottish Academy. The bust was handed over to the Provost, to be placed in the Town Hall. The kindness and enthusiasm of his townsmen made deeper impression than any incident of his life, though he had enjoyed the friendship and fellowship of the most notable men of his time. Besides his northern countrymen, he corresponded with or associated with Thackeray, Jerrold, Shirley Brooks, and other literary leaders of the Metropolitan press. Lord Macaulay consulted him on various matters connected with his history, and the following letter shows how much the communications of his northern correspondent were valued:—

"Albany, August 15th, 1850.

"My dear Sir,—If you should persist in sending me valuable information, you really must not enjoin me to refrain from sending you thanks in return. Your last letter clears up two or three points about which I was doubtful. Mackay's Memoirs are in print. I know them well; and very curious they are. The life of Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel, and the strange book of Richard Franck, Philanthropus, I had never seen until I received your letter. I found them both in the Museum, and was much interested by them. I have written to Edinburgh to ask whether it appears from the Privy Council records that James issued letters of fire and sword against Keppoch. Browne asserts this in his 'History of the Clans,' but Browne's assertion is no warrant. The thing, to be sure, is intrinsically probable. I have been amused by observing that Keppoch is in several works styled Colonel Macdonald—evidently a mistake occasioned by his odd name 'Coll.'—Believe me to be, my dear sir, yours very truly,

"T. B. MACAULAY."

With Thomas Carlyle also he corresponded, and he enjoyed a pleasant time with him when on a visit to Lady Ashburton, at Loch Luichart, in Ross-shire, where he was invited to meet the venerable sage. Carlyle and William Chambers are almost the only survivors of his early literary friends. The long friendship of Dr. Maltby, his first English acquaintance of note, is a pleasant and honourable recollection now that both are passed away. With the former

Vicar of Buckden, when risen to be Bishop of Winchester, and then of Durham, he still remained on familiar terms, and was ever a welcome guest at the episcopal palace in London, and at Auckland Castle.

A public funeral testified to the respect in which Robert Carruthers was held in Inverness, and his memory will live among the men whom Scotland loves to honour.

CUMBERLAND STATESMEN.

THE modern Cumberland Statesmen are the northern yeomen of England. They are men who work hard, live frugally, and enjoy an honest independence. They are neither squires nor labourers. They stand betwixt both. They till their own soil and consume their own produce. They sell the cattle and corn which they do not require, to buy the household articles which they cannot produce. They used to weave their own cloth. In olden times, the "Grey coats of Cumberland" was a common phrase. But all this has passed away; and statesmen are now ordinary tenant farmers, or even labourers.

The statesmen of the mountain districts—so many of them as still remain—are a very primitive class of people. They know nothing of the rate of discount or the price of gold. They have enough of the world's gear to serve their purpose. They are uncorrupted by modern luxury. "Go," said one of these statesmen to a tourist—"go to the vale on the other side of yon mountain. You will find a house; enter it, and say you came from me. I know him not, but he will receive you kindly, for *our sheep mingle upon the mountains!*" These men have no inclination to change, either in their life and customs, or in their sheep-farming. "At Penraddock," says an agricultural report on Cumberland, "we observed some singularly rough-legged, ill-formed sheep, and on asking an old farmer where the breed came from, he replied, 'They are sic as God set upon the land; we never change them!'" These are the people whom Wordsworth—himself a Cumberland man—has described with so much character and feeling.

The statesmen of the low-lying districts towards the north are of a sturdier character. They have more mother-wit and backbone. Their forefathers, being constantly on the alert to resist the inroads of the Scots, have handed down to their sons their fearless resolution and undaunted courage. They bear the greatest fatigue with patience. They live contented on humble fare, though their hospitality to strangers is open-handed and liberal. Though not rich in money or land, they are rich in character and healthful contentment. They are satisfied with their social position, and are even proud of it.

The statesman's household was a school of thrift and industry. The clothing was made at home. The women wore linsey-woolsey cloth of their own making. The young men and lads thought themselves well clad if they went to kirk in home-spun hodden-grey. Stalwart sons and comely maidens were brought up on porridge, oatcakes, and milk; in fact there could be no better food. These were occasionally varied with barley bannocks, Whillimer cheese, potato-pot, a bit of bacon, and an occasional slice of salt beef or mutton in winter. What could they require more? Their appetite was whetted by the keen mountain air.

"Come in," said a tenant to his landlord one day,

"an hev a bit o' dinner afwore ye gang." The landlord went in amongst the family, the servants, and the labourers who were about to "set to." Near the end of the table was a large hot-pot, containing beef or mutton, cut into pieces, along with potatoes, onions, pepper and salt. This was the famous Cumberland "taty-pot." The farmer, after helping himself, thrust the dish towards the landlord, and said, "Noo ye man help yersel, and *howk in!* Theer's plenty meat at bottom, but it's rayther het."

Nor does this food disagree with the well-appetised Cumbrians. They are for the most part men of large stature. They are big-boned and broad-chested. Their firm muscles, well-knit joints, and vigorous hands give them great advantage as wrestlers. What they want in agility and suppleness they make up for in strength.

Getting up in the morning was a great point for health and wealth. The Cumberland ballad-maker, when deploring the introduction of new customs fifty years ago, when the country was "puzzened round wi' preyde," goes on to say—

"We used to gan ta bed at dark,
An' rose agean at four or five;
The morn' 's the only time for wark
If fowk are healthy and wad thrive."

The difference between one statesman and another consisted principally in character. Where the statesman was slow, sluggish, and inert, he gravitated rapidly downwards. No changes were made in the improvement of the farm. The old hive became filled with drones. The sons dropped down to the condition of farm servants and day-labourers. When the statesman borrowed money and got into the hands of the lawyers, he never got out of them until the land was sold. But another statesman, of a better sort, would keep the roofree up by dint of energy and forethought. He would give his sons a fair education, set before them a good example, instil into them principles of independence and self-help, and send them into the world braced with courage and the spirit of duty. The eldest son became the statesman, like his father before him. The second son sometimes became a "priest"—the ordinary name for a clergyman in Cumberland—while the others emigrated to the colonies, or entered into the various avenues of business life at home.

The statesmen of Cumberland, like the yeomanry of England, have been rapidly disappearing during the last century. Sir James Graham spoke of the cavalcade of mounted statesmen who accompanied Mr. Blamire into Carlisle, on his appointment as High Sheriff in 1828, as "a body of men who could not be matched in any other part of the kingdom. The sight they had seen that day was such as they could never forget. The yeomanry of Cumberland were the finest and purest specimens of a set of men who in all periods of its history had been the strength and pride of their country." But the fifty years that have passed away since then have seen great changes. Wealth is everywhere absorbing landed property. Small holdings are disappearing; small estates are blotted out; and the Cumberland statesman is already becoming a thing of the past.*

* From the "Life of George Moore, Merchant and Philanthropist." By Samuel Smiles, LL.D. (Routledge.) Dr. Smiles has been blame for writing too much in praise of ambitious worldly wisdom; but his memoir of George Moore shows how money may be well used after being well won. It is a worthy memorial of a true man, of whom his native Cumberland may be proud.

The
nts,
ear
ing
oes,
ous
ing
and
er's

ised
arge
ted.
ous
hat
p for

for
ker,
fifty
ound

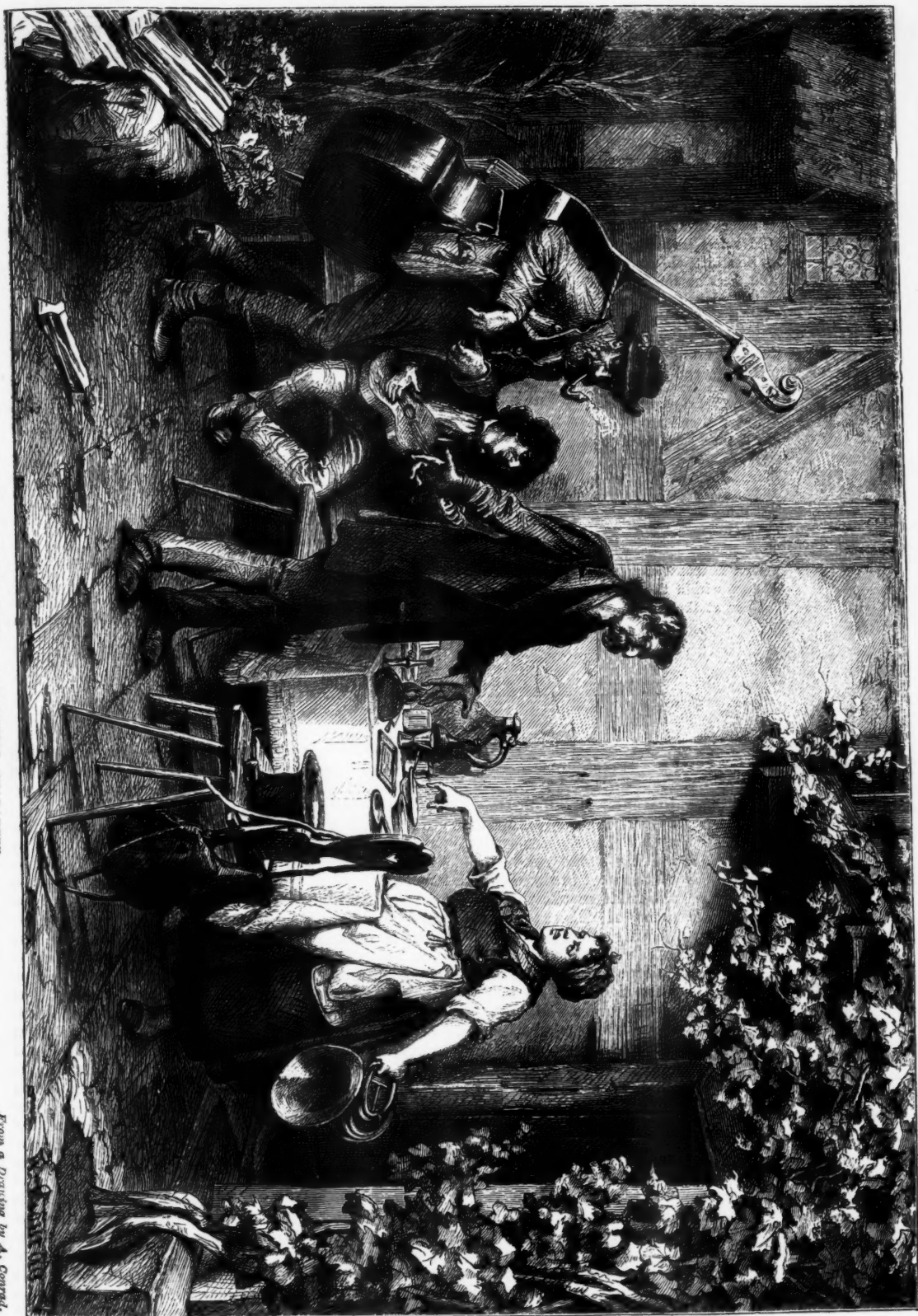
other
ates-
tated
the
came
the
When
ands
the
better
energy
fair
into
and
and
ates-
son
name
thers
rious

ary of
g the
caval-
Mr.
High
not be
The
could
were
a who
h and
have
anges.
perty.
es are
ready

ropist."
me; for
but his
er being
a native

SETTING THE SCORE.—A MATERIAL GUARANTEE.

From a Drawing by A. Conval.





Old Portraits.

LAMBETH PALACE.

THROUGH the dim corridor
Musing, I strayed,
Long rays of vesper light
Flickered and played ;
Old voices seemed to call,
Breathing old names,
Old faces on the wall
Smiled in their frames ;
Nobles in faded guise,
Sombre and shady ;
Statesmen with steadfast eyes,
Bishop, and lady.

"Sister," they said to me,
Sweetly, and low,
"All thou hast pined to see,
We see, and know ;
Where thou hast longed to rise
We stand secure,
All thine uncertainties
We have made sure ;
Thy strength begins to wane,
Ours is immortal ;
We are within the fane,
Thou at the portal.

"All thou art bearing now,
We, too, have borne,
Through the long midnight hours
Waiting for morn ;
Tried, tempted, purified,
Chastened full sore,
Carried by wind and tide
Safe to the shore ;
Oft in the noontide heat
Long did we languish ;
Oh, but the rest is sweet
After the anguish !

"We, from our calm abode,
Speak to thy soul,
Only the craven heart
Misses the goal !
Doubt is thy direst foe,
Sorrow thy friend,
Trust in thy God, and go
Straight to the end ;
So shalt thou stand at last
Tranquil and strong !"
Thus, like a trumpet-blast,
Ended the song.

SARAH DOUDNEY.

DUBLIN AND THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

II.



STRONGBOW.

PASSING through Peter Street, on our way from St. Patrick's, we come to Angier Street, unremarkable in any way except that at No. 12, a plain, quaint-looking house, with a bust of the poet in the niche in the front, marks the birth-place of Thomas Moore. Passing thence into Stephen's Green, we leave the College of Surgeons on the west side, and on the opposite, or east side, is the Royal College of Science, the Burlington House, as we may describe it, of Dublin. Science and surgery thus face each other *vis-à-vis* across the park-like square of a mile in circumference, and, in the same way, the palace of the Archbishop of Dublin and the Catholic University are on the north and south sides of the green. Some twenty-five years ago, John Henry Newman had come over to Dublin as rector of the Catholic University, then lately founded in obedience to the decrees of the Synod of Thurles, which denounced the Queen's Colleges as godless. It was a singular fate which thus brought Whately and Newman together again at opposite

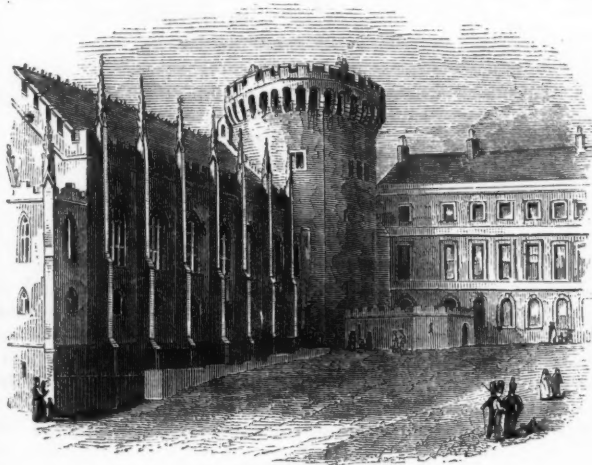
sides of the square. They had not met since they had lived together as members of the same common room at Oriel, but we have not been able to ascertain whether they ever met in Dublin.

Dawson Street leads the tourist direct from Stephen's Green to the railings of the park of Trinity College. We may look into St. Anne's Church on the way, which, during the last few years, has put on a new front, and makes a somewhat imposing spectacle, reminding us of an old lady got up so deftly, with cap and festoons, and lace and enrichments of hair not her own, that it is impossible to guess her age. Once inside, and the illusion is over, and we are inside the same church of the Georgian era, and of no order in particular, unless we describe it as Hanoverian. A marble pulpit, erected by the present vicar, Dean Dickinson, in memory of his father, who died within a few months of his attaining the Bishopric of Meath, is almost the only monument in the church worth attention. Passing along Nassau Street, we are soon opposite the park railings of that famous foundation of Queen Elizabeth, Trinity College, "Juxta Dublin." Like St. Martin-in-the-Fields, the college has been long since overtaken and surrounded by the city. In this respect Dublin is unlike London and many other towns where, for one reason or other, the advance of population is westward. In Dublin it has been eastward. The true centre of Dublin is around the two cathedrals, the one the monument of Danish, the other of Norman supremacy. The tide of population has flowed down

the river, not up, as in London, and now the Liffey on both banks, lined with a magnificent wall of granite quays, is thickly peopled north and south side till the Anna Liffey, strangely so-called,—

"Disembogues its flood,
A filthy tribute to its parent sea."

Trinity College, the site of which was an old Augustinian House of All Hallows, was founded by royal charter and mortmain licence on the 3rd of March, 1592. It is thus not three centuries old, but whatever may have been the taunt cast at it by its older rivals, as the "silent sister," like the Cinderella



THE BIRMINGHAM TOWER.

of the fable, it has long since rolled away the reproach. A list of the eminent names, some of them of European reputation, from the provost, Dr. Humphrey Lloyd, down to Mr. Mahaffey, one of the youngest of the junior fellows, would at once rebuke this sneer. The Examination Hall, Library, and Museum, are all buildings of a high degree of architectural merit; and if, on the whole, the general effect comes far short of the Colleges at Cambridge, or the beautiful High Street or Christ Church Meadow at Oxford, we do not know where, unless at Oxford or Cambridge, we could point to University buildings of such character. Certainly neither the splendid pile overlooking the Clyde at Glasgow, nor the fine block of University buildings now rising in Edinburgh, will compare with it. As to any foreign University, however famous, we do not know one which produces any other impression than that of a huge barrack or convent: the Collegio Romano in Rome, the old palace of the Elector Archbishop at Bonn, now turned into a University, the barrack-like structure at Berlin, not to speak of those of Paris and Vienna: there is wanting in all alike the true collegiate character. Dublin, in spite of some drawbacks, the chief of which is that the quadrangles are all, without exception, modern erections in the stiff, sham classical style of the last century, has, it must be admitted, the air of a University. Some of the "quads," it is true, are not elegant; one in particular, the most remote and forlorn in appearance, has been appropriately named Botany Bay, though the irony is twofold in naming it so, since it is a dull square of tall houses, unrelieved by a single plot of grass or a bed of flowers.

At Trinity College the tourist is in the very centre of Dublin, and whether he turns east or west, north or south, he will meet much to interest him. To the west lies Merrion Square and the new and more fashionable quarter of the city, the Mayfair of Dublin, lying in a quadrilateral spreading from the corner of Nassau Street at one extreme to Leeson Street Bridge on the other. Dublin, it is true, has burst these bounds and overflowed, as London has done, into a Tyburnia in one direction and a Belgravia in the other. This new Belgravia or Tyburnia, as we may call it, if we may repeat Virgil's presumptuous mistake of comparing Mantua with Rome,—

"Urbem quam dicunt Romam, Melibee, putavi
Stultus ego huic nostrae similem,"—

lies beyond the canal, which, like the circular road on the north side, forms the municipal boundary, so that the new district of Leeson Park and the township of Rathmenes is extra-municipal, a matter of no small consideration to householders, who dread the rate collector and—

"That consummation of all human ills,
The inflammation of our weekly bills."

It must be said, while we are on this subject, that the municipal government of Dublin is on anything but a satisfactory footing. If it has not descended to the level of New York it is far behind such corporations as Manchester, Birmingham, and others which it would be invidious to mention. There is too much of politics, or rather polemics of a not very edifying kind, and too little public spirit in matters of paving, lighting, drainage, and sanitary reform. Dublin would scarcely be selected by Dr. Richardson as a city of health, and indeed, the odours from the Liffey at low water are sickening. There is only one place where I remember a more offensive odour, which is Boulogne Harbour.

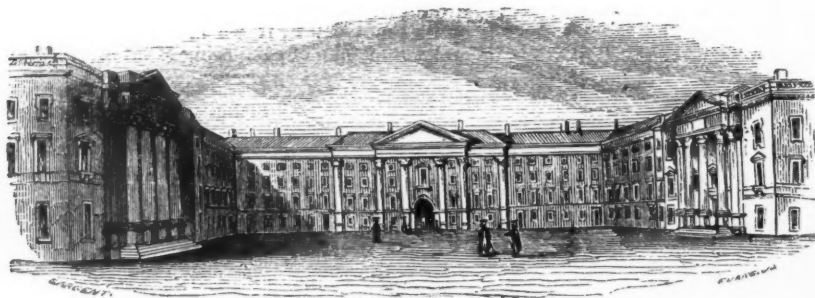
We have said little or nothing as yet of the north side of the city, and have to pass over Sackville Street, with its Nelson Monument, its wide boulevard air, where trees are planted, but which unfortunately have refused to grow, its Post Office in the middle, and Rotunda at the end. A description of Dublin minus Sackville Street* would be Paris without its Rue de Rivoli, Berlin without its Unter den Linden, Rome without its Corso, or Vienna without its Ringstrasse. Sackville Street has no pretensions to match with these grand avenues of imperial cities, yet, in the second rank it may be spoken of with Pulteney Street, in Bath, as superior to most or any of the high streets in our leading provincial towns.

The other public buildings of Dublin which call for notice are the Four Courts, the Custom House, the Castle, with its Birmingham Tower, the only castellated part of an otherwise insignificant brick pile, with no more architectural dignity than St. James's

* See Leisure Hours in Ireland in "Leisure Hour" for August, 1873. In July of that year there will be found a map of the geology of Ireland. In the article on Dublin, p. 523, 1873, it is said "As is the Liffey to the Thames, so is Dublin to London—though the size of a river is not always an index of the commerce of a port. There is a cloud over Dublin which seems to stifle its material and commercial as well as its social and political prosperity. You feel this on the quays, you feel it at the railway-stations, you feel it in the look and manner and life of the working-classes, even in the gayest season, or when trade is most thriving. You feel that the place ought to be more prosperous and progressive than it is, or can be under existing conditions." What is the cause?

Palace. Close beside the castle there is a rotunda-shaped building, not a bad imitation, on a small scale, of the Pantheon of Rome, which was erected as an Exchange, only, unfortunately, as with many things in Ireland, it has been built for one use and then diverted to another. Trade having languished there, the building is now used as a City Hall, where civic business is transacted—or rather where a

which looks down from a fountain where—*more hibernico*—no water flows at present. Its inscription, which is by the late Lord Carlisle, makes a graceful comparison between the “sparkle of his genial fancy, the depth of his calm sagacity, the clearness of his spotless honour, and the flow of his boundless benevolence,” which would not lose in point if there were only a drop of water at the base of the monu-



TRINITY COLLEGE.

rivulet of business meanders through a marsh of irrelevant debate, principally on polemical matters.

As we are on the subject, we cannot pass over a piece of unpardonable bad taste on the part of the Corporation of Dublin. At the foot of Carlisle Bridge, and in the most conspicuous thoroughfare in Dublin, they have erected a monument to Smith O'Brien, the hero of the Ballinacorney cabbage-garden, and the leader of a rebellion which was ignominiously extinguished almost as soon as it broke out. Tried for high treason, and under a sentence of capital punishment, he owed it to the clemency of the British Government that he was first transported to Australia instead, and afterwards allowed to return when his other fellow-conspirators had escaped to America. Over such a career the wisest course would have been to throw a veil of oblivion. So his family wished, but not so the Corporation; to them it was an opportunity of making a cheap demonstration in favour of Home Rule at the expense of the rate-payers.

The other monuments in Dublin do not call for much notice; there are too many of them, and the greater number are in questionable taste. Burke and Goldsmith, for instance, have been set up in the open space in front, facing Trinity College, and, though eminent Irishmen, they were by no means distinguished *alumni* of the University. As for poor Goldy, he looks as if he were going to be rusticated, which, it is said, was once nearly his fate for some youthful indiscretion. Then there is a statue of Grattan opposite the Bank of Ireland, and gesticulating as if at the building, which was once the House of the Irish Parliament,—

“Half a bow-shot from the College,
All the world from wit and knowledge,”

as Swift sarcastically described the site of the Parliament House in his day.

The many friends of the late Lord Eglinton, one of the best and most popular of lord-lieutenants, have memorialised him in the same way by a bronze effigy which looks over the rails of Stephen's Green in a rather unmeaning way; and there is in D'Olier Street a bust of Sir Philip Crampton, the eminent surgeon,

ment to redeem the illustration from seeming to suggest the thought of “Water, water everywhere, but not a drop to drink.” It is not the first time that we have met with a drinking-fountain which has been only a bubble—a monumental mockery of the thirsty passer-by.

A statue of Moore, the poet, was subscribed for and put up at an angle of Trinity College, some twenty years ago; and this, unfortunately, set the



THE FOUR COURTS.

fashion to commemorate illustrious Irishmen in this open-air manner. Owing, perhaps, to the unhappy fact of a divided religion, and a consequent unwillingness to enshrine them in a cathedral which

one-half of the population would never enter, a taste has sprung up for these bronze effigies which soon became begrimed and sooty with the smoke of years, and suggest the comparison of some pitman coming up to bank from his underground work. We reserve our description of the churches of Dublin for the chapter on the Religious Associations of the City, which is contained in this month's number of the "Sunday at Home." And here we must draw a rein. The Phoenix, a large park, and its fifteen acres of review ground and lord-lieutenant's lodge, suburban Dublin and the delightful marine and mountain drives, within a short distance of Kingstown, all these are worthy of separate description. But our space is exhausted, and yet there is much to tell which the tourist must now learn for himself.

But one word we must add before we conclude, which is this: that to a stranger properly introduced, the proverbial hospitality of Irishmen is not a thing of the past, as some would have us believe. Whatever other changes have passed over the land, its warm-hearted people have a "hundred thousand welcomes" still ready to greet the stranger who throws himself on Irish hospitality. The British Association, in its annual round of the great cities of the United Kingdom, will meet with few, if any, more eminent seats of learning than those which will shelter it during its visit to Dublin, and in no town will its members find themselves more genially and generously entertained. It will be the fault of its members if scientific intercourse does not quickly ripen into personal friendship under the warm sun of an Irish welcome.



THE OLD PARLIAMENT HOUSE, DUBLIN.

ROME IN 1878.

OF life in Rome, as seen by "strangers," a lively account was given in a letter written to the "Times" soon after the accession of the new King and the new Pope. It told how "the season" this year would consist of a forty days' Lent, preceded by no carnival, and with no Easter to follow. "Funerals have taken the place of masquerades. There was mourning for the King among the Ghibelines, and, just as the Guelphs fancied they could please the old Pope by dancing round the opened royal grave, the earth yawned beneath the Pope's feet, and the notes of the 'Dead March' drowned among them also the strains of the waltz-music. For the first time, perhaps, since the days of Augustus, there was universal, unfeigned sorrow for the twenty-seven millions of people whom an English journal, years ago, to their great disgust, designated as 'the Carnival Nation.'" And, as it happens in all great calamities, men were not only in no mood for present saturnalian enjoyment, but even greatly wondered how they ever could have found any amusement in going about with pasteboard visors on

their faces in the past, and were unanimous in their resolution never to make such arrant fools of themselves for the future.

"A Rome without masks, without *coriandoli*, *moccoletti*, and *barberi*, was well worth visiting for the novelty of the phenomenon; and the prospect of a Rome, as the new Pope intends her to be, without the Holy Week solemnities, without the palms, the peacock's feathers, and Mustapha's *falsetto* in St. Peter's, can only be recommended as something at variance with all a stranger's preconceived notions of the place; something to make him cry, 'Roma, Roma, Roma, non é più com' era prima.' No *Veglione* and no *Miserere* might be supposed to be tantamount to no Roman season at all; and yet the hotels are crowded, and the Corso and the Pincio are impassable from the throng of carriages, and the visitors from all parts of the world still find amusement and enjoyment. Victor Emmanuel and Pius IX have not taken the bright Roman sun and the blessed Roman air along with them.

"From morning to evening Rome is still our

Rome, with her churches and galleries, her ever-green groves and gushing fountains, her trim villas and desolate ruins, her mosaics, her cameos, her studios, her dingy shops and grand marble halls, and the music-bands in the open, and the fox hounds at the Three Fountains or Cecilia Metella. Free to all of us to make a toil of every day's pleasure; every day its special sight; every day the happiness of seeing each other's faces; our walks, our rides, our drives, a common round with the same, yet ever-varying, ever odd, curious, motley, polyglot tourist gang. A *corvée* from sunrise to sunset, then a gathering at the hotel *table d'hôte*, and, after that, indoor entertainments."

So passed the spring of 1878, and the lively writer continues:—

"Strangers' life in Rome is not Roman life. Roman homes are to a stranger *terra incognita*. The very hotels—the Bristol, Europe, Londres—are extra-territorial. Here at the Costanzi, probably the most comfortable of Roman *caravanserais*, with the purest air, the most diligent attendance, the most sumptuous reading and conversation rooms, one may fancy himself anywhere rather than in Italy. In the grand saloon, amid the din of voices proceeding from the groups round the fireplace, on the sofas, round the tables, at the piano corner, you hear a Babel of tongues—here French, there German, Dutch, or Spanish, a deal of English—Queen's English and Lord Mayor's English, a deal more of President's English—Italian only here and there, very much out of place; and the newspapers on the tables are from London, or the Boulevards, or Broadway, from Berlin, Vienna, or Augsburg; of the Romans none, or only the 'Italie.'

"For persons debarred from other society there is something curious and even interesting in this international gathering of both hemispheres. It is a perfect study of manners and humours, a petty community in itself, with its little pretensions and affectations, its various degrees of refinement, its various stages of intimacy, its occasional tiffs, punctilios, and flirtations; its harmless pleasantry, its less innocent gossip and scandal. Between the old stager—a fixture at Rome year after year, and for six months every year, with his knowing air, and sense of domestication and possession—and the bashful newcomer, afraid to ask questions and always falling into some breach of conventionalities; between the loud, bustling Irishman, at home with all strangers and hail-fellow-well-met with a very duke, and the buttoned-up John Bull, whose arm-chair is his castle; and the German with his puzzled look and large goggles, treading on every lady's train, and the sharp-featured Yankee, with a mark of interrogation on his very nose; and the unprotected damsel and the strong-minded rights-of-women matron ever on the move from chair to sofa, we have here specimens of character sufficiently entertaining in their outward seeming. But if you are alone, and only care to listen and learn, and sit apart amid the groups, and hear what is said about the Conference, and Mr. Gladstone, and the Silver Currency, and the Colosseum by midnight, and the Pope's coming Eneyclic; if you sit out all the controversies about art and antiquity, and Bismarck and Paul de Cassagnac, and the whole current chapter of contemporary history, you may go to bed a highly-amused if not a better-informed individual, or with something like a throb at your heart as you get up and open the door for the

pretty unknown, whose golden locks and blue eyes have captivated you as you sat musing, and will haunt you in your dreams when you fall asleep thinking of her towards daybreak.

"But for those who are wise enough to do at Rome as the Romans do; for those who leave their country to be rid of their countrymen, there is enough to be seen and known, and cherished even in mourning Rome, and even beyond the boundaries of Murray's and Baedeker's Rome. Court and Diplomacy, Church and State, are here in mourning, and the English Embassy is perforce shut up for this season and probably the next, but there are King's courtiers at the Quirinal and Pope's prelates at the Vatican, and senators and deputies, and the staff of every double foreign embassy and legation, and here and there a stray cardinal or distinguished pilgrim, a disgraced pasha from Stamboul, a used-up senator from Washington, with a whole host of world-weary, disappointed, or peace-seeking notabilities to be met with, to be stared at, at least, if not to be communed with or interviewed; there is the pale young King to be seen prancing at his birthday review; the sweet Queen to be met in her sable attire on her quiet drive bent on deeds of mercy; there is the new Pope's hand—no longer the foot—to be kissed at his afternoon reception; a new State Cabinet to be pulled down every evening or set up every morning, a Senate and Chamber opening on a Monday to be closed again on the Tuesday. There is a stirring national life, with its aspirations, its disillusion, its more sober yearning, its learning, from bitter, hard-bought, daily experience, its moral standard getting the better of all-pervading official corruption, its material well-being overcoming the trammels of crushing taxation, its intellectual progress defying the obstruction of religious and political misrule. With all its narrow, crooked streets, and want of breathing-room, with its 360 baroque churches, and its convents (towns in size, and prisons in gloom), with the havoc and squalor of the old world settling upon it for centuries, this dead Papal City must become—is becoming—a living Italian capital, and I know no spectacle more worthy of the attention and study of thinking beings than this life in death, the birth-throe of this grand Rome in her present period of transformation and transition.

"Of this political life which might interest an intelligent stranger, very little is learnt by attending the debates at the Chamber, but quite enough for those who can read from the papers, in many of which, especially in the grave *Opinione*, the racy *Fanfulla*, and even the ranting *Capitale*, the ability to deal with home and foreign subjects is steadily maturing."

After referring to the *réunions* in private *salons*, art galleries, afternoon concerts, and other entertainments, the letter thus concludes:—

"We have a paradise of a climate, and that suffices to keep us well and happy. Credulous travellers at a distance lend an ear to the suggestions of roguish innkeepers at Mentone or Nice, who describe Rome as a pest-house visited by typhoid and other fevers, the scene of perpetual funerals. This is simply an outrageous calumny. Earth has no healthier air than this of Rome is from November to May. Many a doomed life coming here for a refuge against inexorable fate may, indeed, obtain only a precarious respite. Rome cannot always cure; but it is hard that she should be accused of killing those who just arrive here more dead than alive."

Varieties.

EAST AFRICAN EXPEDITION.—The new expedition to Central Africa under the auspices of the Geographical Society, enters on its enterprise with every promise of success. It is greatly in its favour to have as its leader so accomplished a geographer as Mr. Keith Johnston, whose recent work on Africa indicates how great has been his research, and how varied his studies on all relating to the Dark Continent. The Geographical Society, considering the limited resources at its disposal, has wisely confined itself, in the first instance, to an exploration of the route from Dar-Es-Salam to the north of Lake Nyassa. This will form an excellent basis of more extended operations, reaching into Tanganyika and other of the inland lakes. The route has been partly explored of late by Captain Elton, Mr. Cotterill, and others, on their way from Livingstonia by the north of Lake Nyassa to Zanzibar; and at the coast end a road has been in part constructed, thanks to Mr. W. Mackinnon, Sir Fowell Buxton, and others. We may mention that farther south Mr. Stevenson, one of the leading supporters of the Livingstonia Mission, has proposed another route, from Kilwa to the north of the lake, by a way in part explored by Van der Decken. But it can be no disadvantage, but the opposite, if alternative routes can thus be obtained to those great internal lakes which are yet likely to give so great an impulse to commerce and to open up so wide a door to Christian philanthropic effort.

DR. SCHLIEMANN ON THE STUDY OF GREEK.—At a meeting of the Society of Arts Dr. Schliemann thus spoke on the best mode of studying the classical language:—"Instead of Latin, the pupils should begin with the Greek, and not with ancient, but with modern Greek. It did not take me more than six weeks to speak and to write the language with great fluency. But as I did not study it till the advanced age of thirty-four, I presume that the pupils of your institution would require no more than six months to do the same; they certainly do not need more time if they work at it with assiduity and in earnest. Having engaged a Greek teacher, a native from Athens, I carefully read the Greek translation of 'Paul and Virginia,' studiously comparing every word with the French original, and having thus read it through, I acquired the knowledge of at least one-half of all the words the book contains. Having finished this task I read it a second time, and thus came to know all, or nearly all the words. At the same time I studied the modern Greek grammar, which is very easy, the verbs offering much less difficulty than the French verbs. I wrote also daily histories of my own composition in Greek, corrected them under the eye of my teacher, and learnt them by heart, and what I had corrected in the day's lesson I told him from memory, word by word, in the morrow's lesson. To improve my style I learnt also a great deal of the Greek 'Paul and Virginia' by heart. My enthusiasm for Greek soon became so intense that after having studied the *Romæ* for a few weeks, I had no difficulty in writing to my teacher every day twenty pages, word for word, from memory. Having thus mastered the modern language in six weeks, I, with immense enthusiasm, began to study ancient Greek, not as a dead language, but as a living tongue, and always pursuing the same method. Beginning with Xenophon and Plutarch, I succeeded in less than four months in reading with the greatest fluency Homer, Thucydides, and Sophocles, and in writing tolerably good dissertations in ancient Greek. Yet I could at that time apply my leisure hours only to my studies, because I had an extensive commerce to attend to. I therefore enthusiastically recommend you to introduce into your institution a similar method of teaching Greek, and first of all to engage at Athens an able teacher for that purpose, who must be held to admit to his course of ancient Greek those pupils only who have attended his lessons in modern Greek for six months, and have succeeded in reading and writing it with ease and fluency. I do not pretend to say that boys of ten or twelve can master ancient Greek in four months; they may, perhaps, require twelve months to learn it. But if they learn it as a living language, they will pronounce it according to the accents, they will learn it thoroughly, and therefore they will never in their lifetime forget it. At present our young men are bothered and tormented for a dozen long years, and with very rare exceptions they know at the end of that long period so little of it, that in the course of a few years after having left college they totally forget what they have learnt, and their twelve years of Greek studies turns

out to have been a sheer waste of time. The reason is that they learn Greek as a dead language, and are taught to disdain and disregard the accent in the pronunciation, just as if it had been invented, not to guide, but to mislead the student. But a far greater drawback in the learning of Greek in this country is the pronunciation, which has been arbitrarily invented here, and has never been in use anywhere else in the world. In May last I was invited to the examinations at Merchant Taylors' School, where I heard speeches in English, German, French, Latin, and Greek. All the other speeches I perfectly understood; of the Greek only I could not understand a single word. I have frequently heard the remark, 'But who knows how the ancient Greeks pronounced their language? Perhaps they used our English pronunciation.' But no; that the pronunciation of Greek was exactly the same a thousand years ago as it now is, is proved by all the Greek words which were introduced into the Russian language when Russia adopted the Greek religion; besides, the Greek words found in cuneiform inscriptions of the time of the Seleucide, B.C. 200, show no difference. I leave it to you to judge what a spur, what a stimulus, what an incentive it would be to classical studies in this country, if the intelligent English boys could master, as in play, both modern and ancient Greek in eighteen months, instead of being tormented, as now, with but one of these languages for a dozen years without ever learning it. Every boy would then be ambitious to render himself master of the two forms of the Greek language, which would enormously increase the taste for the sublime. As I stated before, in my humble opinion, the Latin language ought neither to be learned before the Greek nor simultaneously with it, but only after a thorough knowledge of the Greek has been acquired, because he who has mastered the difficulties of both modern and ancient Greek learns the Latin in almost no time."

BEDÉ AND BEDAN.—"The Venerable Bede," writes Alban Butler ("Lives of the Saints and Martyrs," Dublin, 1833, vol. i. p. 693), "called by the ancients Bedan, is not to be confounded with a monk of Lindisfarne of the same name, but older. Bedan belonged to the old British Church. Bede belonged to the Latin Church, of which Augustine and his missionaries from Rome were the founders, and by whom the pagan Saxons were Christianised."

SIMPLE LIVING.—Mr. Gladstone, in his after-luncheon speech at the dedication of Keble College, made a happy allusion to the reported simplicity of living:—"I do not know what may be the secrets of your establishment, but we who are here assembled, and have not the happiness of belonging to the college, can say that, as far as entertainment is concerned, nothing has happened since we arrived here on the various occasions on which we have assembled within these walls and elsewhere, which at all goes to support this benevolent apprehension, or to show that great suffering will have to be undergone. Manners, we have been told, are changed; and now it appears that even physical wants undergo modification; and going back half a century, to the period of my youth, and comparing what was eaten at Oxford and at Eton in my time, I don't hesitate to say that, notwithstanding all that you have put down here with great propriety about your living with simplicity, you have a much more liberal dietary than that on which we grew up to manhood in our days. But, sir, I believe that, estimating your proceeding by the wants and by the standards of the time in which we live, you do live simply. Is that a needless admonition to administer to the present age? Is it, or is it not, true that a sudden, enormous, and widely-diffused access of wealth to these countries has been witnessed especially by the last twenty years? Does that constitute in some respects a moral danger? Is it or is it not true that we have too many signs in the constitution, and the working of our society, too many signs even in the columns of our journals that this danger is a real and not an imaginary one? I make bold to say that there is no admonition which the age more requires than an admonition of the wisdom, of the utility, and of the happiness of this simple living."

RAINFALL.—The following calculation has been made by Mr. S. Kinns, of Highbury, as to the amount of water in the fall of rain to the extent of three inches, on April 10-11. This would equal 10,890 cubic feet or 304 tons per acre, and taking the map of London generally published in the Post-office Directory

to contain 120 square miles, there must have fallen on that surface 836,352,000 cubic feet, weighing 23,347,200 tons. This would be equal to the entire quantity of water contained in a canal 528 miles long, 30 feet broad, and 10 feet deep, being emptied upon London in twenty-four hours. The average annual rain-falls for the whole of England is estimated at 30 inches, but the amount differs greatly in the eastern and western districts. In Penzance it is 40 inches, and in London only 20 inches; therefore on the 10th and 11th of April we had one-seventh of the average rainfall for a whole year. No wonder that the streets were flooded, the marvel is that comparatively so little mischief was done."

PICTURE OF "THE SKATER."—Some discussion has taken place as to the painter of the fine picture of "The Skater," seen at the Winter Exhibition of the Royal Academy. A letter from Miss Jane Stuart, in America, settles the matter. She says that her father, Gilbert Charles Stuart, painted the portrait of Mr. Grant somewhere about the year 1782 or 1783, adding the rather curious fact that when Mr. Grant called upon her father for the purpose of having his likeness taken, he observed "it was so cold he would rather be skating." This occupation he proceeded to indulge in—the artist accompanying him—and when they returned Mr. Stuart, struck with Mr. Grant's graceful skating, painted him in that attitude, the painting afterwards being exhibited at Somerset House.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY STATISTICS.—The total number of graduates and students whose names are on the books is 10,427. Of this number, 5,947 are members of the Senate—that is, have taken the degree of M.A. or some superior degree; 1,995 are Bachelors of Arts, Law, Medicine, or Music; and 2,485 are undergraduates. In the latter category the non-collegiate students, 116 in number, are included. These numbers of members of the University show a gross increase of 217 as compared with the corresponding period in 1877. There are 67 more members of the Senate, 25 more Bachelors of Arts, etc., and 125 more undergraduates, while the non-collegiate students exceed last year by 20.

THE LAW OF SLANDER.—The law of Germany on this subject extends even to the memory of the dead. Section 189 of the German Criminal Code of 1870 runs:—"Whoever slanders the memory of a person deceased by stating a fact that would have lowered the deceased in public esteem if stated in his lifetime shall be punished with imprisonment not exceeding six months; if with attenuating circumstances a fine may be adjudged. The prosecution can only be instituted by the parents, the children, the husband, or the wife of the deceased." In France, again, it has been decided by the Court of Cassation by two most important decisions—on the 24th of March, 1860, and the 23rd of March, 1866—that "The 13th article of law of the 17th of May, 1819, applies to calumny on the dead as well as the living. The heirs of the deceased, or any one of them, can take action. The penalty, on conviction, for the crime of defamation of the dead is, by the law of the 17th of May, 1819, imprisonment for not more than a year, or a fine of not more than 2,000*fr.*, or both."

AMERICAN VERSUS BRITISH GOODS.—The British manufacturers and operatives are constantly getting warnings as to the possibility of trade being drawn or driven away from England. An American lately wrote from Ceylon to the "New York Times" a letter in which these sentences appear:—"Cotton goods from both England and America find a market here, the former for native the latter generally for foreign wear. I am told that the resident English, when their insular prejudices are overcome, prefer the American to the British cottons, on account of their superior firmness and their ability to endure washing. American picks, shovels, and other tools are used, and I have heard them highly praised. American weighing apparatus is popular here, and one firm admits having sold in one year more American scales than it had previously sold of all English scales in more than a dozen years. I have heard many inquiries for American goods of various kinds, from shovels up to steam-engines, and from waggons down to pack-saddles. The market is not a large one, and only a limited quantity of our products can be sold, and therefore, manufacturers should not look for an enormous business in Ceylon. But within certain limits the island offers a good field for any enterprising man to work. Since coming here I have read in a Ceylon paper an account of the persistent efforts which the Americans are now making for foreign trade, and lamenting their success in securing many of the markets formerly controlled by the English. The writer urges Britons to be patriotic and buy only of their countrymen, and declares that the colonies of Great Britain

should not be invaded by outside merchants. His preaching will have little effect provided the Americans can furnish better and cheaper goods than the English, and certainly they are doing so in most cases that have come under my observation. But nearly every merchant in the East orders through his parent house, his agent, or his correspondent in London or Liverpool—generally the former—and if what he wants cannot be found in London, there is danger that the order will go to an English rival. If American manufacturers established an agency in London, where their goods could be found in stock, much of the trade that we lost at the time of our civil war might be regained, and at the same time we might create a trade in new articles of manufacture which have come into existence in the last fifteen years."

LEFT OR RIGHT ARM?—A controversy has recently been occupying some of the Paris papers as to whether in society a gentleman should offer the right or the left arm to a lady. On neither side are the arguments very brilliant. The theory of the advocates of the right arm is chiefly that, as a lady carries her fan in her right hand, and has therefore only her left arm free, she should take the right arm of the gentleman. They also, however, claim historic precedence for their views on the ground that when gentlemen wore swords, the lady, of course, took the right arm, as she might be hurt by the sword-hilt if she were placed on the left side. The defenders of the left arm, on the other hand, claim that the gentleman's right arm should always be free for the protection and assistance of his fair companion, especially in making way through a crowded room. One flippant supporter of the "left" brings forward as a strong argument that the lady taking this arm is enabled to count the heart-beats of her cavalier.

A RELIC OF NELSON.—A curious memento of Lord Nelson was offered for sale at Christie and Manson's, and purchased by Mr. James Griffin, bookseller, the Hard, Portsmouth. When the Admiral received his fatal shot at Trafalgar, eighty guineas, mostly of the spade ace pattern, were found in his purse, and these, with other effects of the hero, were sent to Mr. Alexander Davidson, Nelson's intimate friend and navy agent. Davidson had the guineas soldered together, and formed into a pyramidal roof, with the obverse and reverse faces alternately uppermost, the whole being supported at the angles on the shoulders of four full-length weeping female figures in dull metal gilt, a polished gilt ball intervening between the supports and the corners of the roof. In the centre of the canopy thus formed is a metal gilt miniature sarcophagus, which stands upon a plinth, formed of four steps, and is surmounted by a viscount's coronet resting upon a cushion. The handles of the sarcophagus are composed of the stem and prow of an admiral's barge. The trophy, which is capped by a trident, bears on its front the following inscription:—"These guineas were in Lord Viscount Nelson's purse at the time he received the fatal wound off Trafalgar, Oct. 21, 1805." The back and sides are inscribed thus:—"Battle off St. Vincent, 14th Feb., 1797;" "Battle of the Nile, Aug. 1, 1798;" and "Battle of Copenhagen, 2nd April, 1801." The trophy became the property of the late Mr. William Joy, of Cheam, in whose possession it remained forty years, and by whose executors it was put up to auction. It is satisfactory to know that the relic is now within sight of the old Victory, Nelson's flag-ship, and at the centre of the naval service.

POST-OFFICE ROBBERIES.—A correspondent of the "Times," commenting on the case of a rural letter-carrier, who, at the Hertford Assizes, was sentenced to five years' penal servitude for stealing a letter containing money, says: "The temptation to steal in such a case may be better appreciated when the wages of these poor fellows are taken into consideration. I know of one in this immediate neighbourhood who walks twelve miles a day with letters and is paid five shillings a week."

METEORS AS SIGNS OF DISTURBED ATMOSPHERE.—A marked instance of a meteor preceding a change of weather occurred on Tuesday evening, April 2. The weather had been singularly fine through the day. A few minutes before eight o'clock, when the sky was very clear, a meteor made its appearance in Ursa Major, and after remaining stationary for a second or two between Orion's Belt and Sirius, fell at a comparatively slow rate and in a direct line to the horizon. It was pear-like in shape, seemed three or four times larger than Jupiter, and was intensely bright. Its colour changed from a silvery white to a pale red as it approached the horizon, where it disappeared behind a cloud, leaving a long track of light behind it.